EDWIN R. SELBY, Editor.

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Poetry.

my. In the midst of unexampled prosperity, an unseen influence, has on a sudden, prostrated all our energies—and while, after a long contest, we have apparently succeeded in establishing the pure principles of Republicanism, as the firm baisis for the administration of Government, it has been reserved for us now to discover amidst a scene of universal ruin—brought upon us by a system of Foreign Monarchical growth, that there is yet a power among us "more powerful than the throne itself;" and it is against *this*, that we must now contend—the power of *money*, entrenched behind the broast works of Banks, Corporations and "vested rights," the fruits of a sickly and diseased Aristocracy.

Such is the enemy we are now to meet Shall we then at this time, Fellow citizens, when the contest approaches—when the same great ends are to be attained, for which the Democracy have ever contended—Shall we permit this ruinous system, this many headed monster of our adversaries so to fix itself upon us till we have no distinguishing mark of principle to guide us, and from men, we are transformed into Slaves? Shall we give up *our* System of Liberty and Independence, now so nearly perfected and so dear to all, for the most miserable of all Slavery; a state of vassalage to money changers and the heads of "Shaving Shops?" Shall we by supineness now, loose all for which we have so long and so successfully contended?

Fellow Citizens, *now* is the decisive time. This must be the final blow. Let the Democracy of Portage county rally

From the New York Mirror.

A NEW STORY.

THE HISTORY OF A GENIUS.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

'I have been a great fool!' thought Shuffleton Pope, as he sat outside of the coach on his way back—'but that does not prove that I am not a genius.' This was the wisest remark ever made by Mr. Shuffleton Pope.

'I am glad to see you back, nephew,' said his uncle, shaking him warmly by the hand,—'and now I hope you have had enough of London, and mean to settle down and turn farmer, as I proposed you should before.'

'Farmer, uncle! but I've no farm—I've spent it all in London,' replied Shuffleton Pope, looking very foolish.

'Not quite so bad as that, nephew,' replied the old man. 'The people came down here to look at the farm, and I found out what they were after, so I arranged to lend you the money out of my savings. Here are your mortgages, and now you are a free man again.'

'My dear uncle,' said Shuffleton Pope, 'I am very much obliged to you, and I certainly will turn farmer.'

'As your fathers have always been before you; and nephew, if you think of taking a wife to help you, Louisa is still at your service—the girl has a fondness for you. By-the-by, I ought to tell you before you see her, that she is not the handsome girl that she was; she went away on a visit and took the small-pox, which has scarred her like vengeance, but she is just as good a girl as ever she was. It is a pity—but if you had married her when I first proposed, she would not have gone a junketting, and would not have caught the disease.'

'Nevertheless, I will marry her, and thank you too,' replied Shuffleton Pope.

'I ought to say that I cannot give her the money that I intended, my good fellow, for all my savings have been used up in these mortgages; but you know you cannot spend your money and have it too.'

'I will marry Louisa, live with you, sir, and work under you on the farm.'

'Why then you will be a happy man, and that's better than being a genius.'

Shuffleton Pope was in earnest. He saw Louisa, and although her face was seamed, and one of her eyes had dropped down in a corner and had not strength enough to get up again, still he adhered to his resolution; and the poor girl who had always yearned towards him when she was handsome, was so gratified, so dimmed from a knowledge of her disadvantages, and so intense in her admiration of him, that he could not but feel pleased with her. He put on high-lows and trudged over the stiff clay of the farm with his uncle during the day time, and at night he sat with Louisa; and, as she never proposed candles, poor thing, and he did not particularly wish for them to look at her face, he passed his hours away listening to the soft music of her voice, responding to her fond endearments, and thought that he shou'd be happy; and so he would have been had he not also thought that he was a genius.

A month passed away, when a newspaper arrived from London directed to Shuffleton Pope, Esquire, who wondered who could have sent it him. The fact was that among the acquaintances of our hero was a gentleman of the press, a sort of penny-a-liner, who after his work had been measured, as they do a carpenter's, with a foot rule, and he had received so much per inch, found that he did not exactly build up his fortune as fast as he could wish, and that the table of Mr. Shuffleton Pope was a god-send, which he very much missed now that our hero had retired from the world. Having a little interest in the newspaper, he had contrived to have inserted in a review of the magazine of the month when our hero's article appeared—'We understand that the very clever short tale in ——— Magazine, is from the pen of Mr. Shuffleton Pope. of South Cobley, a very promising young writer.' This had endeared him to our hero, who always welcomed him to his table when in London; and if no one else deplored the absence of Mr. Shuffleton Pope, this literary gentleman did. To recall him, rouse him from his inglorious sloth, he had contrived to insert the following paragraph, and he now sent down the paper in which it appeared. 'This magazine is not so good as it usually is. We miss one of its best writers, to whose contributions we always turn when we cut open the leaves. What has become of Mr. Shuffleton Pope?—The publisher must be prepared to answer to the public if he expects his magazine to continue its present circulation.—We again ask, *what has become of Mr. Shuffleton Pope?*'

This paragraph was a nectar to our hero; he read it over again and again, and then he showed it to Louisa, who read it and trembled, for she had a sad foreboding in her heart, and then he showed it to his uncle, who replied. 'Well, tell them that Shuffleton Pope has turned farmer and is going to be married;' and, after the first flutterings of his heart had subsided, our hero thought the advice was not bad, and made up his mind to think no more of the matter.

But the affair did not rest here. Although the reviews of magazines in newspapers are much beneath the editor's attention, and turned over to the inferiors of the establishment, still their effect is great, if the paper has a wide circulation. It was very true that no one had heard of Mr. Shuffleton Pope, but still his absence implied a want of spirit or tact on the part of the publisher, and this the publisher felt would be injurious to his periodical; for if publishers ride authors rough-shod, they themselves, from interested motives, tremble and wince under the lash of the meanest critic almost as much as the authors themselves. 'I must send for Mr. Shuffleton Pope,' thought the publisher, 'and have an article from his pen in the next number of the magazine. It wont be worth a ———, I know, but so much the better; the public will then discover that I was right in dismissing him, and the criticism was unjust.' So argued Mr. B., and he forthwith sent a letter to Shuffleton Pope, Esq., South Cobley, Hants, which was duly received and run thus:

'MY DEAR SIR—If you are still inclined to give me a few papers for our magazine, we shall be most happy to insert them, and will remunerate you as highly as we pay our most esteemed contributors. We shall want an article for next March, say twelve to sixteen pages, and shall leave space for it. Yours very truly.' H. B."

That evening Mr. Shuffleton Pope was abstracted, he answered not his uncle, who would have conversed with him.—Louisa was neglected, and he retired to bed early; but he could not sleep, he was in a fever—he threw off the counterpane, it was so hot, although in the month of February; the blanket followed the counterpane—the sheet followed the blanket—at last Mr. Shuffleton Pope followed the sheet, for he got up and struck a light.—He felt himself inspired—his suppressed genius now bubbled and gushed forth like a fountain. He sat down to his article in his shirt, and so wrapped up was he in it, that he required no other wrapper.—He opened a box containing all his rejected contributions, and with their assistance commence 'The Tale of Mystery—a fragment.' Geniuses always delight in fragments; indeed they generally dine and sup off them. Had he called it many fragments insead of one, he had been more correct, for he commenced it with a piece of moral essay, on to which dovetailed part of his tragedy, threw in a spice of politics, followed the politics with part of his comedy, a little bit of his farce, and wound it up with poison and stillettoes. It was a tale of mystery, sure enough, for no one could comprehend it. It had as many joints as O'Connell's tail, as incongrous as them, and like them only leading to one end. At four o'clock in the morning, Mr. Shuffleton Pope's tale was ended, and he went shivering to bed, but he could not sleep. He rolled to the right—'At last,' thought he, 'they are inclined to do me justice,' and then he rolled to the left. 'They acknowledged my talents, and now they make advances. A golden career is still before me, and as Shakespeare says, 'I do believe I've caught cold.'' Thus did Mr. Shuffleton Pope toss his body about in bed, while his mind was tossed on a sea of uncertainty. He thought upon his dawning prospects until the day had dawned; and, as he shaved himself, he came to the resolution to cut the farm and Louisa—he did more than he intended, he cut himself.

Shuffleton Pope, with his tale of mystery in his pocket, departed in the same mysterious manner that he had done before. He arrived in London, deposited his article at the bookseller's and himself at his old quarters. In a few days the magazine with the articles for next month was announced and advertised, and at the head of them appeared the "Tale of Mystery—a fragment, by Shuffleton Pope, Esq." This time there was no editorial erasures, it appeared in its whole length, for the publisher wished that the public should be well acquainted with Mr. Shuffleton Pope's claims to their admiration. Mr. Shuffleton Pope read his tale through and through, and over and over again.—No one else could do the first. He called upon the publisher, received his money, but when he proudly observed that he was ready to supply another upon the same terms, the publisher modestly hinted; that he had stopped the supplies.—We must now pass over three years, during which our hero struggled, and as he struggled, became more and more entangled in the meshes of poverty. At first, his name so conspicuously put forward by the publisher, was the means of his writing a few articles for the other magazines, but the bubble soon burst, and Mr. Shuffleton Pope descended from one grade to another until he was at the lowest round of the Gradus and Parnassum. In rags and misery, with but one half penny in his pocket, he once more turned his face from London and arrived on foot at South Cobley. During the whole of the three years he had never corresponded with his uncle; he was ashamed to do so; but during these three years he had again eaten up his small estate, and this time Mr. Shuffleton had not interfered to save it

We must here premise that after Louisa had wept her faithless betrothed for more than a year, she had by the pursuasion of Mr. Shuffleton united herself to a fine young man, who was very fond of farming and a very clever person withal. He had but one fault, which was not discovered until it was too late, which fault was that he had a very treacherous memory; in short, he had quite forgotton when he espoused Louisa, that he had at the time two other wives still living. But one fine day, just after the second child was born, some claimants very unexpectedly, at least to Mr. Suffleton and Louisa, made their appearance. In the first place, two young women claimed him—also two constables of different parishes—then the law claimed him, and lastly, Jack Ketch. The end of all their numerous claims were that Louisa found herself a single woman with two illegitimate children.

When our hero made his appearance, his goodhearted uncle saw but his poverty and his rags, and forgot his ill treatment of himself and his child.

'Well, well, nephew, what's done's done. You are back again, and I am glad to see you. Things are not so well as when you last came, and when you last came they were not so well as when you first left. You then were young, Louisa was pretty and had a little money. You would not have her because you were a genius. You came back, the money you had spent, and Louisa had lost her beauty; but still you had a farm and a young girl who doted on you. That would'nt suit you, and off you went once more. Now the farm is gone, and poor Louisa is not so good as new, and moreover, there are two poor children to maintain; but still it might be worse. She was innocent, poor thing, and although she married to oblige me, I think she loves you still. Now she is still at your service, and you may still be a farmer and live with me. What do you say?'

Mr. Shuffleton Pope replied as any other man starving and in rags would have done.

'I will turn farmer and marry Louisa.'

'Better late than never,' replied Mr. Shuffleton; 'and as you may change your mind, the wedding shall take place to morrow.'

To this neither our hero or Louisa raised any objections, and the next day Mr. Shuffleton Pope found himself the fortunate possessor of his Louisa, at the same time without any trouble on his part, of a small and smiling family.

'Why did you not marry me when my father first proposed,' observed Louisa. 'Since that I have had the small-pox and two small children.'

'I know it,' replied our hero, as he looked at his wife, trying to pacify the infant. 'Hang the fellow who begot them.'

'He was hung,' replied Louisa, mournfully, as she kissed the child.

For two months Shuffleton Pope was content with his situation. His wife loved him, and was industrious, and he had plenty to eat, which was more than he had had for many a day; but as he regained his health and vigour, so was he again troubled with the high aspirations of his unfortunate genius. Again he became meditative and abstracted—neglected the farm, and wandered in the green fields, or by the margin of the revulet.—His uncle, who was now getting old, expostulated with him, but it was useless, and they quarrelled. The children were too noisy, and interfered with his musings when at home; he kicked them—his wife expostulated, but in vain, and so they quarrelled.

'This is no place for me,' thought Shuffleton Pope. 'I cannot stand this drudgery. I have tried twice, and failed; my soul tells me that I shall succeed the third time. I feel that I shall now receive the reward of my exertions.' And Mr. Shuffleton Pope once more set off for London without saying good-by to any one.

What might have happened—whether Mr. Shuffleton Pope was correct in his anticipations—whether he would have been this time successful, it is impossible to say. He set off to London on foot, for he had but a few shillings in his pocket. Unfortunately, the cholera then raged, and before Mr. Shuffleton Pope had completed half his journey, he felt very unwell: he continued, nevertheless, and felt much worse. Night overtook him, and he could proceed no further; and the next morning, although it is said that genius can never die, Mr. Shuffleton Pope was found dead in a ditch.

There are a great many Shuffleton Popes in this world!

INDIAN GIVING.

The following extract from Mr. Irving's new work will give the reader some idea of a cunning western savage's notions of generosity and friendship:

Captain Bonneville slept in the lodge of a venerable patriarch of the Nez Perces, who had evidently conceived a most disinterested affection for him, as was shown on the following morning.

The travellers invigorated by a good supper, and 'fresh from the bath of repose,' were about to resume their journey, when this affectionate old chief took the captain aside, to let him know how very much he loved him. As a proof of his regard he had determined to give him a fine horse, which would go further than words, and put his good will beyond all question.

So saying, he made a signal, and forthwith a beautiful young horse, of a brown color, was led prancing and snorting to the place. Captain Bonneville was suitably affected by this mark of friendship, but his experience in what is proverbially called Indian giving,' made him aware that a parting pledge was reciprocated. He accordingly placed a handsome rifle in the hands of the venerable chief, whose benevolent heart was evidently touched and gratified by this outward and visible sign of amity.

The worthy captain having now, as he thought, balanced his little account of friendship, was about to shift his saddle to this noble gift horse, when the affectionate patriarch plucked him by the sleeve and introduced him to a whimpering, whining, leathern-skinned old squaw, that might have passed as an Egyptian mummy, without drying.

"This,' said he, is my wife, she is a good wife—I love her very much. She loves the horse—she loves him a great deal—she will cry very much at losing him. I do not know how I shall comfort her—and that makes my heart very sore."

What could the worthy captain do to console the tender hearted old Squaw, and, peradventure to save the venerable patriarch from a curtain lecture? He bethought himself of a pair of earbobs, it was true the patriarch's better half was of an age and appearance that seemed to put personal vanity out of the question: but when is personal vanity extinct? The moment he produced the glittering earbobs, the whimpering and whining of the sempiternal beldame was at an end. She eagerly placed the precious baubles in her ears, and, though as ugly as the witch of Endor, went off with a sideling gait, and coquettish air, as though she had been a perfect Semiramis.

The Captain had now saddled his newly acquired steed, and his foot was in the stirrup when the affectionate patriarch again stepped forward, and presented to him a young pierced nose who had a peculiary sulky look.

"This" said the venerable chief, "is my son, he is very good, a great horseman—he always took care of this very fine horse—he brought him up from a colt, and made him what he is. He is very fond of this fine horse—he loves him like a brother—his heart will be very heavy when this fine hore leaves the camp.

What could the captain do, to reward the youthful hope of this venerable pair, to comfort him for the loss of his foster brother, the horse? He bethought him of a hatchet, which might be spared from his slender stores. No sooner did he place the implement in the hands of young hopeful, than his countenance brightened up, and he went off rejoicing in his hatchet, to the full as much as did his respectable mother in her earbobs.

The Captain was now in the saddle, and about to start when the affectionate old patriarch stepped forward for the third time, and while he laid one hand gently on the mane of the horse, held up the rifle by the other.

"This rifle," said he shall be my great medicine, I will hug it to my heart; I will always love it, for the sake of my good friend, the bald headed chief. But a rifle, by itself is dumb, I cannot make it speak. If I had a little powder and ball, I would take it out with me, and now and then shoot a deer, and when I brought the meat home to my hungry family, I would say—this was killed by the rifle I got of my friend, the baldheaded chief, to whom I gave that very fine horse."

There was no resisting this appeal, the captain forthwith furnished him the coveted supply of powder and ball, but at the same time put spurs to his fine gift horse, and the first trial of his speed was to get out of further manifestation of friendship on the part of the affectionate patriarch and his insinuating family.

A spice of the Romantic.—The Baltimore "Monument" relates that a lawyer from the West married a few days since in this State a lady with whom he had fallen in love some twenty years ago, and whom he had never since seen until the time of the marriage. The gentleman would have married her at the time he was seized with the tender passion, but the declaration which she one day playfully made, that she would "never marry a poor man!" Determined to remove this objection to him, he pushed for the West, and after twenty yeears of hard toil, and when the lady had forgotten him, he had massed sufficient wealth to encourage him to renew the proposal.—The lady, luckily, had remained single, his proposal was accepted; they were married, and on Wednesday morning last they left this city for his home in the West.

EPITAPH ON AN EDITOR.

TO THE MEMORY
OF

A Political Editor.

His pen is worn out, his ink-stand is dry;
His *form* is work'd off, his *case* is all *pi*.
His *stick*, *rule*, and types are all cast aside,
And none but his *imp* knows the place where he died.

TIDES.—According to a recent and accurate observation, the tide-wave travels from the Cape of Good Hope to Gibraltar, a distance of nearly five thousand miles in the incredibly short period of twelve hours, which is at the rate of above four hundred miles an hour. The same wave requires twelve hours to reach Edingburgh from Gibralter, a distance of about nineteen hundred miles, and proceeds with a velocity of one hundred and sixty miles an hour; whereas, that from Edingburgh to London, only five hundred miles, requires the same time of twelve hours, and goes at the rate of forty two miles an hour.

These retardations in the rate of velocity of the tide wave are occasioned by the obstruction it receives from the coast it comes in contact with. At Liverpool, it is found that a fall of one-tenth of an inch in the barometer raises the tide one inch, which is a beautiful illustration of the law of gravitation.—*Athenaeum.*

FACTS—*about which there is no controversy.*

1. Paper money is the antagonist of hard money. In proportion as the circulation of the former is increased, that of the latter diminishes.

2. The gold and silver is now banished from circulation, by the issues of bank and coporation paper.

3. The banks have issued this excess of paper. They did it voluntarily. They did it for their own profit. They are now receiving six per cent for every paper dollar in circulation.

4. If you owe the banks they make you pay six per cent. interest until you pay them. If the banks owe you they will neither pay you interest nor principal.

Is this all right?

The bank party say it is *all right*.

The bank party say, whenever you vote for *their candidates*, that you justify all this.

Trenton Emporium.

John Randolph's will, now proved, contains this declaration:—"I give and bequeath to all my slaves their freedom, heartily regretting that I have ever been the owner of one." An adequate provision is added for settling them in some portion of the United States.

From the Ohio Statesman.

DEMOCRACY—FEDERALISM.

HAWK EYE.—No. 3.

Now for a brief examination of the Journals of 1835'36. Remember they cannot lie, or misrepresent.

Journal of the Senate 1836. Page 854.

An act to prohibit the establishment within this State of any branch, office, or agency, of the Bank of the United States, *as recently chartered by the Legislature of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, and to prohibit also the passage or circulation within this State of the bills, notes, or any other obligation of any other denomination purporting to be money, and to be issued by said Bank, or any branch, office, or agency thereof, and for other purposes; was read a third time.

The question being on the final passage of the bill, Mr. Kendall called for the yeas and nays, and they were ordered, when the question was taken and carried—Yeas 20, Nays 15, as follows:

Those who voted in the affirmative, were Messrs. Blake, Crouse, Hopkins, Hunt, Lidey, Medary, M'Laughlin, M'Mechan, Patterson, Price, Ravenscroft, Scott, Sharp, Shepler, Spangler, Taylor, Thompson, Vincent, Wellhouse and Speaker—20.

Those who voted in the negative, were Messrs. Allen, Cox, Donally, Florence, Granger, Houston, Howard, James, Kendall, King, Kirby, Morse, Newell, Steele and Wadsworth—15.

DEMOCRATS in the affirmative	20
" in the negative	0
FEDERALISTS in the affirmative	0
" in the negative	15

Every Democratic Senator *voted for the bill*, and every *Federal Senator against it*. Here we find that the Federalists not content with the numerous Banks incorporated by this State, were in *favor* of permitting an institution incorporated by a sister State to establish branches in Ohio. At the time this bill passed, the Federalists, in different sections of the State, were busily engaged in procuring signatures to petitions praying *Nick Biddle* to establish branches of his mammoth, as incorporated by the Pennsylvania Legislature in the State of Ohio. To put a stop to this proceeding, the Legislature of this State very wisely passed a bill prohibiting the establishment of "*any branch, office, or ageney*," of said Bank. Time has proven that the Legislature acted wisely in passing the prohibitory bill. The Bank is now prostrate, and the people of Pennsylvania are suffering almost beyond endurance under the effects produced by its imprudent and reckless conduct. Let the people often look at the yeas and nays on the final passage of the prohibitory bill.

Now let us refer to the vote in the House of Representatives upon the prohibitory bill.

Page 92, House of Representatives.

"The bill of the Senate in relation to the Bank of the United States, and its branches and agencies, was read the third time and passed, yeas 38, nays 25."

DEMOCRATS in the affirmative	38
" in the negative	2
FEDERALISTS in the affirmative	0
" in the negative	23

Here as in the Senate, we find every Federal member *voting against the bill*.

Senate Journal Page 942.

The question was taken on the final passage of the bill TO PROHIBIT THE CIRCULATION OF SMALL BILLS (*Shin Plasters.*)

The question then turned on the final passage of the bill.

Upon which Mr. Taylor called for the yeas and nays; they were ordered; when the question was taken and carried—Yeas 20—Nays—15 as follows:

Those who voted in the affirmative, were

Messrs. Blake, Crouse, Hopkins, Hunt, Lidey, Medary, M'Laughlin, McMechan, Patterson, Price, Ravenscroft, Scott, Sharp, Shepler, Spangler, Taylor, Thompson, Vincent, Wellhouse, and Speaker—20.

Those who voted in the negative, were Messrs. Allen, Cox, Donally, Florence, Granger, Houston, Howard, James, Kendall, King, Kirby, Morse, Newell, Steele, and Wadsworth—15.

DEMOCRATS in the affirmative	20
" in the negative	0
FEDERALISTS in the affirmative	0
" in the negative	15

Every Democrat in the Senate *voted for the bill* and every Federalists AGAINST IT.

Page 711'12—House of Representatives.

The bill "*to prohibit the circulation of small bills*," was read the third time. The question was on its final passage. Yeas 38, Nays 23.

DEMOCRATS in the affirmative	38
" in the negative	6
FEDERALISTS in the affirmative	0
" in the negative	22

Is not this conclusion evidence that the Federalists as a party are the advocates of a *Shin Plaster* currency?—Look at their votes. Every federal member in both branches of the Legislature. *voted against* the law, "TO PROHIBIT THE CIRCULATION OF SMALL BILLS."

The people are not called upon to rely upon mere broad and general assertions, as to the policy of the federal party. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Look at *the acts*—look at *the votes* of the federalists in the Legislature? They tell a tale which contrasts strangely with their *professions*.